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For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

The Inspector.

NO. I.

THE manners, customs, and characters of mankind, are subjects worthy of serious consideration, and to a thinking mind may become sources of very useful instruction. The sense of this has induced me to take up the pen for the good of my country, and as any thing which may tend to the advancement of morality is of importance, I propose here to record my observations for the benefit of all whom it may concern. But perhaps it may be necessary, from a short sketch of myself, to show that my observations may be worth recording, and that from my situation and dispositions, I am *qualified* to improve or entertain my readers. Know then, all to whom such knowledge is desirable, that I am one of those people, who having no business of their own to mind, turn their attention to the affairs of their neighbours, and narrowly inspect their conduct. Possessed of a tolerable good taste for doing *nothing*, and having a pretty turn for observation and remark, I have hitherto lived a *spectator* of mankind, without any inclination to engage in the bustling scenes of life. I mingle with people of different descriptions, glide into various kinds of company, and while I participate in their pleasures, and join in their conviviality, I let slip no opportunity of diving into their characters, and penetrating the motives of their actions. I can discern the seeds of vanity, and the springs of ambition; I can discover the germ of humanity, and the dawnings of a philanthropic mind. Accustomed to survey, not the outside merely, I can strip the affluent and vain of their gaudy apparel, and can consider honour and

principle abstracted from the tattered robes which seemed to obscure their lustre. I have often removed the rubbish, and unexpectedly discovered the gem; I have unlocked the gilded casket, and very frequently found it empty. These observations, if not always accompanied with pleasure, are at least productive of advantage; they teach me to "*honour merit, though in rags, and scorn the proud dishonest knave in office.*" But in a particular manner, my attention has been turned to what many would suppose a very difficult task, the study of *female* minds and dispositions. In this employment, I have experienced pleasure, and sometimes, I must confess, have met with disappointment. When I contemplate a form of graceful symmetry, and a face glowing with the soft tinge of beauty, I am pleased, but when under this dazzling exterior, I behold a mind distorted with affectation, and a disposition perverted by vanity, I turn my gaze from the splendid bauble, and terminate my scrutiny with a sigh. When beneath a more homely countenance, and less engaging figure, I discern an expanded heart, a generous mind, a bosom fraught with modesty, and a soul unconscious of its superior qualities, every feature brightens to my eye, every expression charms my ear, and I acknowledge the unrivalled perfection of virtue. I would by no means, however, insinuate that beauty is always accompanied with affectation, or that haughtiness is the result of personal charms; far from it, it has frequently been my happy portion to see the loveliest face animated by the purest mind, and the most elegant form rendered irresistibly striking, by a bewitching simplicity of manners. But I would here observe, that my remarks have not been made in *high* life, nor my reflections on people of rank; such

circles I never enter, to such company I dare not approach; village scenes alone have occupied my contemplations. But even in villages we have abstracts of high life, and the manners of the great are there represented in miniature. If, therefore, in my delineations of character, something approaching to fashionable refinement may be met with, let it be remembered, that the principle of imitation operates perhaps more universally, and more powerfully, than any other, that its influence is felt, even by those in the lowest spheres of life, and that, of course, the conduct and manners of the court, will, by a regular gradation, descend to, and be awkwardly displayed by the inhabitants of the cottage. The female mind, particularly, from its melting softness and tender susceptibility, is more easily captivated with the native charms of virtue, or more apt to be led astray by the gaudy trappings of folly, and while its *graces* shall be portrayed with due faithfulness, its *errors* shall also be exposed, and thus rendered a warning to others. But not only to "catch the living manners as they rise," has

been my study, I have *inspected* not only *men*, but *things*, and can develop an infinite variety of scenes, situations, and circumstances, which may afford instruction, or produce entertainment.

Such then are my pretensions to publicity, and if the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine indulge me with a page occasionally there, no longer shall the result of my observations be concealed from the world. Borne on *their* wings, I shall visit the closets of the fair, be caressed by the gay, and admired by the grave. If room is granted me in their useful publication, my readers, of every description, will find something to excite their mirth, or on which they may vent their spleen; but *personal* satire shall never mingle its gall with my remarks; no particular person shall curse the moment in which the "Inspector" seized the pen; none will be able to say, "Behold the victim of his malice!" "Folly as it flies" is his game; against it his arrow is pointed, and he wishes for the approbation of those alone, who desire its fall.

J.A.J.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

HISTORICAL EULOGY ON THE LATE HON. HENRY CAVENDISH, READ AT A PUBLIC MEETING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, ON THE 6TH OF JANUARY, 1812, BY THE CHEVALIER CUVIER.*

* It is honourable to the French character: it is honourable to the Republic of Letters, to behold, in the midst of a war, in which so many circumstances conspire to embitter the minds of the hostile nations, that men of letters keep free from that pa-

OF the eminent men whose talents we are accustomed to celebrate in this assembly, there have been too many who have had reason to learn how to withstand the obstacles opposed to them by misfor-

tionality, which obscures the merits of the inhabitants of another country. It is also singular that the eulogium of an English votary of science should be first acknowledged in the French Institute, even before his compatriots had paid the debt of justice to his memory.